

THE LITTLE UNITY.

~* TENDER, ~ TRUSTY ~ AND ~ TRUE. ~*

VOL. II.

CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1882.

No. 5.

OAK-APPLES, OAK-PLUMS, AND OAK-FIGS.

CORA H. CLARKE.

One would think that the squirrels which live on oak trees could keep their larder always stocked with the choicest preserves, but unfortunately for them, these insecto-botanical productions are not quite as toothsome as their names would imply. Most of the galls which grow upon oaks are said to hardly differ in flavor from the tree itself; the "oak-plum" gall is, however, intensely bitter.

The true "oak-apple" begins its growth in May as soon as the young leaves put forth, and reaches its full size in a few weeks. The central room inhabited by the larva is a hard, woody cell, and the space between it and the external rind is filled with a soft, drab, spongy matter. About a quarter of these larvæ come out as gall-wasps in June, but the rest do not emerge until October, strangely enough preferring to spend the pleasant summer weather in their narrow cells.

Sometimes this oak-apple is found with a large number of little cells immediately under the external rind, in which live guest-insects. They in no way trouble the proprietor of the gall. In early summer they change to tiny gall-wasps, and escape, leaving the rind of the gall perforated with many minute holes.

The true oak-apple occurs exclusively upon the black oak; its surface is more or less opaque, as if covered with a powder, and it is slightly pointed at the top. In the autumn a nearly similar gall is found upon the same tree, but rounded on top, and with a smooth and glossy surface. Both have rather thick rinds, and I believe that they have been proved to be different forms of the same species.

The "bastard oak-apple" is found of the full size in June, and is a round gall, not quite as large as the true oak-apple. The central cell is not woody, being easily broken by the fingers, and the external rind is also thin; the two are connected by radiating filaments. It is found only on the red oak.

A somewhat lemon-shaped gall has been found on apparently the same kind of oak, and it is thought that it may be a variety of the former species.

A smaller round gall, with a harder shell and more dense and silky internal filaments, has been found in the autumn on the post-oak.

The "oak-plum" gall grows from the cup on the acorn of the red and black oaks. It reaches its full size in August or September, being then fleshy, solid, and prettily colored with crimson and yellow. It afterwards dries, becoming brown and hard, but seems to prove an agreeable habitation, for the larva lives in it for two or three years.

"Oak-figs" grow on twigs of the white oak, in dense clusters resembling preserved figs packed in a box, and having the dull yellow color of a faded oak leaf. They are hollow, bladder-like galls, and at the base of each the larva lies in a small seed-like body from which radiate crinkled, woolly fibres, connecting it with the papery envelope of the gall. In the winter season most of these galls will be found perforated and empty, but some of the clusters still contain the insects, which do not emerge until the next June.

O springtime sweet,
Over the hills come thy lovely feet;
The earth's white mantle is cast away,
She clothes herself all in green to-day;
And the little flowers that hid from the cold
Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mould.
—From "Ezotica."

SOME LONG NAMES.

It occurs to me that though for ordinary use you probably prefer the common names of mosses, yet on grand occasions you may like to address them respectfully by their scientific appellations. Perhaps, also, if you know the latter, you can by means of this knowledge find, in books on the subject, portraits of the mosses which I have described.

The "Apple-moss" spoken of in the third number of *LITTLE UNITY*, (May 1st, 1881,) is *Bartramia pomiformis*. The genus was named Bartramia in honor of John Bartram, the earliest native American botanist. Pomiformis means shaped like an apple, as perhaps you know.

The moss described in the fifth number is *Ceratodon purpureus*. The first name is from the Greek, and refers to the appearance of the teeth of the fruit under the microscope. Purpureus means purple; perhaps the ripening fruit has a purplish tinge; it certainly is not a very decided purple.

The "Hair-cap moss" of the sixth number is *Polypodium commune*. The first name is from the Greek, meaning "many hairs." Commune means common.

"Twisting-moss," or "Cord-moss," in the ninth number, is *Funaria hycometrica*. The first name is from funis, a rope, from the twisted fruit-stalk. Hycrometrica has reference to the fact that the stalk is effected by moisture.

The "Bladder-moss" of the fifteenth number, is *Diphygium foliosum*. The first name refers to the structure of the spore-case. Foliosum means leafy, which seems rather inappropriate, for the slender, brown, awn-pointed leaves do not correspond to our customary idea of foliage.

"Fork-moss" of the sixteenth number, is *Dicranum scoparium*. Dicranum is from a Greek word, meaning "forked," alluding to the teeth of the capsule. Scopari-

um means "broom," but I do not know in what way the moss resembles a broom.

"Smooth-cap moss," in number twenty-one, is *Atrichum ancustatum*. Atrichum means "without hairs," in allusion to the smooth cap. It is called ancustatum because the leaves are rather narrow.

"BEARING YOUR OWN BLAME."

A. M. G.

"Somehow, it doesn't seem honorable." This was said by one school boy to another, who had complained about being "led off on a long walk after nuts, although he had consented to go. The walk had resulted in their finding no nuts at all, in tearing a new coat, scratching a face with briars, and making the owner of the coat and the face very tired, indeed, and ready to blame his companion.

"I didn't make you go! I asked you, and you agreed. Now that it hasn't turned out well, you want to lay the blame on me, instead of bearing it yourself. Somehow, it doesn't seem honorable."

The boy was right; it was not honorable. What a person does of his own free will, he is responsible for, and he should be ready to "bear the blame" of any result that comes of it; it is dishonorable to try to make any one else bear it.

"You are to blame!" How often children say that to one another. Bertha asks Flora to take a walk with her doll. Flora consents, and, while walking, falls and breaks it. "You are to blame!" she cries to Bertha, "If you hadn't asked me to go I shouldn't have broken it." As likely as not she goes angrily home, and perhaps she bears unkind feelings towards Bertha for days afterwards.

Is it not a foolish, wrong thing to do? If children would only stop to think about it, they would see at once that it is. When next you are ready to say that some one else than you is "to blame," consider a moment, and decide if you alone are not entirely responsible. Bear the blame if you are.

It sometimes requires the best kind of courage, that is, moral courage, to bear one's own blame. In the case of the boy who tore his coat, it might have required moral courage to say at once to his mother, "It was my own fault; I should not have gone among the briars," instead of yielding to the temptation of saying, "It was Ned's fault; he led me off," and thus escaping his mother's censure.

You who are trying to possess this high courage, will find opportunities for exercising it by "bearing your own blame." Think of this the next time you are disposed to throw the burden of some ill-luck or wrong doing upon your brother, sister, or play-mate, in order to save yourself, and see if, instead of doing that, you will not manfully take upon yourself your own blame.

Order is Heaven's first law.—Pope.

In the long run the chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do.—J. A. Garfield.

THE LITTLE UNITY.

40 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

One copy, per year. - - - - - 50 cts.
To subscribers for UNITY, or twelve to one address, each, 35 cts.
To Clubs or Sunday Schools, single or in quantity - - - 25 cts.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor.

Departments: Associate Editors:
WHAT TO SEE, - - Miss Cora H. Clarke, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.
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Communications for the Editor to be sent to Hyde Park, Ill.; for the Departments, as above.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as second-class matter.

"Blossom-Words!" That is a happy thought, and this must be the best time of year to cultivate them. Be sure they take good root. Then as fast as the weed-words, nettles, etc., come, pull them up and keep your garden clear of them.

A little girl thirteen years old, wrote to John G. Whittier, asking him to tell her what "acts of his childhood seemed, now, to have yielded to him the most enduring happiness." In his answer he said:

"Looking back now, my chief satisfaction is, that I loved and obeyed my parents, and tried to make them happy by seeking to be good. That I did not succeed in all respects, that I fell very far short of my good intentions, was a frequent source of sorrow."

THE TREE LOTUS.

This is a thorny shrub, or small tree, bearing a reddish fruit about the size of an olive, and is called the *Rhamnus Lotus*. The following is from a letter of Miss Minn's: "The fruit of *Rhamnus Lotus* of the Lotus-eaters is beaten till the pulp is separated from the stones. It is then made into cakes, and dried, and tastes like the very best gingerbread." Children, it would seem, are our modern lotus-eaters, and it has always been said that nothing was so quieting for them as plenty of gingerbread.

THE TEAZEL.

The prickly heads of a plant called the teazel are used to raise the nap on cloth. This plant is raised in enormous quantities for this purpose. In France alone, six thousand acres of land are devoted solely to its cultivation. The prickles of the teazel have a small knob at the end, and this, mounted on an elastic stem, and set with great precision on the central spindle, affords a little brush, such, it is said, as the utmost skill has never been able to rival, at the same price. French manufacturers use \$1,500,000 worth of the prickly heads, and export sixty thousand tons of them, valued at \$2,500,000. Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea also contribute to the world's stock.

"And day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and pain,
No life that God has given is lived in vain.

—*Littell's Living Age*.

Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavor, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fall.

—*William Wordsworth*.

WHAT TO READ.

FRIENDS WORTH KNOWING. Ernest Ingersoll. Published by Harper Bros., New York.

MY FEATHERED FRIENDS. Rev. J. G. Wood. Published by Geo. Routledge & Sons, New York.

These books are just the thing for boys and girls living in small towns or in the country, where they can find and watch many of the animals described in them.

The second book tells only about birds, beginning with eagles, following out the lists of their kin, the vultures, hawks, owls, parrots, magpies, daws, rooks, crows, and shrikes, and taking also canaries, humming-birds and ostriches.

It is not merely a dry book of zoological facts, but, besides the information as to structure and habits, gives many pleasant stories about birds.

The other book contains chapters on American birds, and on snails, mice and buffaloes, and shows how the presence of civilized men has caused changes in the habits of different animals. There is also a chapter on "How Animals get Home," a point which has puzzled many thoughtful people, especially with regard to cats and carrier pigeons.

The chapter on snails is particularly interesting, because it can be so readily verified by any one. Snails, especially the pond-snails, are easy to find, easy to keep, and easy to watch. For these a jar of fresh water, and a few sprays of pond-weed, make a perfect home, in which they thrive. If kept in a tolerably warm room they lay their eggs in January. The eggs are like tiny bubbles in a mass of transparent, colorless jelly. In each bubble there soon appears a tiny black dot, which gradually takes the form of the grown-up snail, and finally emerges from the jelly, perfect in shape, with a soft shell, and not as large as the head of a common white pin! The little, unprotected snails are greedily eaten by fish, newts and tadpoles, and this is fortunate, for they would otherwise fill up the ponds and rivers, as each mass of jelly usually contains upwards of thirty eggs.

Both books are well written, very interesting, and well worth any time spent in reading them.

LOTUS FLOWERS.

THE NELUMBium LUTEUM.

Two summers ago, when we were stopping at the Chapman House, at the upper end of Lake Minnetonka, a rowing party brought in some odd looking flowers which they said were Lotuses. We wanted some to bring home; so, at 6 A. M., the day we were to leave, we took a row-boat and went through two bays and a long, narrow, winding creek, then to the end of Halstead's Bay, where the lotus-flowers grow. Such a beautiful sight we saw! Both flowers and pads stand from two to five feet above the water. They are larger than the largest pond-lily, and are, when first opened, a delicate greenish-yellow, like the layer of corn husks next the ear. When older, they lose some of the green tinge. Their fragrance is delicious, a little like a magnolia. The seed-pod is light yellow; in shape, some like an inverted cone. The pads are perfectly round, as large as a small

wash tub; they fasten to the stem in the center; the veins radiating from this. They are soft and velvety, and when old, turn up in a cup shape, and wave like elephant's ears. The flower opens but once in its native element, and not at all out of it except by hand. Growing, they unfold until nearly straight, when the leaves fall off. Then the seed-pod keeps growing, turns dark green, and when dry, the seeds drop down inside, and the pod is a rattle-box. When the stem of either flower or pad is broken, a fine, tough, silky fiber pulls from every pore. A thick, yellow fringe bearing pollen grows up around the pod. I wish you could all see these beautiful flowers.

DELIE R. CHANEY.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 10, 1882.

In a letter from Miss S. Minn, of Boston, the writer says of the above species:

"While it is not the Egyptian Lotus that used to grow on the banks of the Nile, this is the next thing to it, for there are only these two species in the world, they say: The pink or white one, '*Nelumbium Speciosum*,' and our yellow *Nelumbium Luteum*. That it is found in odd corners all over the United States—Florida, Delaware River, Connecticut River and the Lakes at our North—is due, no doubt, to the Indians, who cultivated it for food."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Yet withal the poor sparrow has many good qualities, of which it becomes us to speak. Has a family of little birds been taken from their warm nest and put in a cage outside the window? The sparrow will be the first to come and feed them. They may not be of his own race; it is enough that they are opening their mouths for food, and he will do his best to supply them. There have been many instances in which sparrows have done a deed of kindness like this, and have fed the needy ones day after day till they were able to provide for themselves.

(This pleasant statement comes from a little English book about birds.)

The heroes are not all six feet tall,
Large souls may dwell in bodies small.
The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and the weak, whoe'er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it shine
In a man of forty, or lad of nine.

Scattered Seed.

I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was sung,
But the thought surpassed the metre;
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought,
Or if ever a painter with side and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul portrayed!

—Selected.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow
Nature is the art of God.—Sir T. Brown.

"Nothing," said he, "ought to be otherwise done than if Christ were a partner in the firm. And strictly just would Christ be, and merciful as well as just."

"Unity" Sunday School Lessons—Series XII.

HEROES AND HEROISM.

BY MRS. ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

(Most of the references in these lessons will be to Samuel Smiles' "Duty," a copy of which each teacher will need.)

LESSON V.

HEROES OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

I. THE WIDOW'S GIFT.

What is self-sacrifice? Name some self-sacrificing deed you have seen or known about? A church was once being built in a city where I lived. One day an old lady of over seventy years, a poor widow, came to call upon the minister. She was very plainly dressed, and her hands showed that she had known hard work. She handed the minister a little package, saying, "I have brought my contribution to the new church," and when he opened it he found it to contain a hundred dollars, as much as some rich men had given. "I am afraid you ought not to give so much as this," he said. "Yes," replied she, "I have worked hard and long to get it, and I shall rob no one by giving it, I want to help the church that much." Do you think that \$100 meant any self-sacrifice to the poor widow? In what ways?

II. MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

I once knew of a poor man who had five little motherless children. After a while a lady came to be his wife and a mother to his children. In a few months the father died. The neighbors said to the new wife, "Of course, you can't keep the children; they are not yours, and you have no money to take care of them with; they will have to go to the poor-house." The lady replied, "Yes, they are mine, and I shall provide for them." She took a school to teach. All the children went with her to school, and at its close she cooked, and sewed, and ironed and mended that they might be clean and comfortable. Thus she cared for them till they could care for themselves. Do you think all that meant any self-sacrifice? Was there any heroism in it? Have you ever known of any other mother who sacrificed her time and strength and gave up the things she would like to do, all for her children? I wonder how many little helpless babies would ever grow to be strong men and women if there were not fathers and mothers willing to make sacrifices for them! Is it noble of us to be willing to have others sacrifice for us, and we not want to make sacrifices in return? Would any of these people we have been talking about be heroes according to our first definition? Would they be heroes according to Mr. Carlyle's definition?

III. CHARLES LAMB AND HIS SISTER.

Ask your teacher to tell you the story of Charles Lamb and his sister. ("Duty," pp. 251 and 252.) Who can repeat the story? For whom did Charles make a sacrifice? What sacrifice? How long did he take care of his unfortunate sister? Do you think it would require any courage for a young man to decide that he would give his whole life to taking care of an insane sister? Would it be such courage as Hercules had? How different? Was Charles Lamb rich? Might he not have been less poor if he had not had his sister to care for? Why did he not send her to an asylum and leave her there? Which do you think of more value, the money he might have earned or the good he did his sister? Do you think such self-sacrifice as this of Charles Lamb would tend to make the one who performed it a nobler person? How?

Which ought we to think of most value, doing right or being happy?

IV. TELEMACHUS.

There is another story told by Mr. Smiles which your teacher will read to you, and then we shall see who can repeat it and who can answer the most questions about it. (See "Duty," pp. 96-98.) What were gladiators? When did they live, and what did they do? What were amphitheatres? Where and for what purpose were they built? What sports were held in the amphitheatres? Who went to see them? What effect would such sports have upon the spectators? Are all cruel sports harmful to the spectators? Did you ever see any cruel sports? What? Ought we ever to watch them? Why not? How long were these gladiatorial contests of gladiators with each other or with wild beasts practiced at Rome? How were they finally stopped? What is a hermit? Did this hermit not know that it would be death to him if he tried to stop the game? Why then did he do it? Here was self-sacrifice; what was sacrificed and for what? Was Telemachus a hero in the sense of being courageous in danger? What did he lose and what did Rome gain by his bravery? Which was of the most value to the world and to Telemachus? Why? Is loss of life the greatest harm that can come to people? (All must die, but no one needs to be a coward or liar, or mean and selfish.)

LESSON VI.

HEROES OF SELF-CONTROL.

I. MEANING OF SELF-CONTROL.

What do we mean by self-control? Let me tell you a story to show you what I mean by it. A young friend of mine, a boy about eleven years of age, Herbert by name, was out with some other boys playing with an air-gun. They had got a nail fast in the gun, and had been trying a long time to get it out.

Herbert put his eye close to the bore to see if the nail had moved, when suddenly it flew out. He sprang back, stood still a moment, and then said, "Boys, I think it has put my eye out! but don't any of you go home with me, it might frighten mother." He walked quietly home alone, went into the sitting-room, looked at his eye in the glass, and then turning quietly to his mother, said, "Mother, I have hurt my eye, I don't know how much; I wish you would send for Dr. Ward." The doctor was sent for, and it proved as Herbert had feared; the sight of the eye was destroyed, and after months of suffering the eye itself had to come out and a glass one take its place. Now, the power which enabled Herbert to control his feelings and actions, go home alone, and speak calmly to his mother, is what I mean by self-control. The boy who, when badly hurt, does not cry; the girl who, when disappointed, keeps a bright face and pleasant voice; the girl or boy who, when a schoolmate says or does some mean thing, keeps from showing anger, and from doing or saying mean things in return, are all examples of self-control. Self-control, then, means the ability to think and act calmly in times of danger or discomfort.

II. USE OF SELF-CONTROL.

What is the use of self-control? Here are a few examples which you may repeat to your teacher, and which will help you to answer the question:

1. *The Man and the Melted Lead.* Two men were putting up a lighting-rod on a high steeple. They were seventy feet from the ground, when one had to stand on the other's shoulders and hold in his hand a pail of molten lead. The wind blew some of the lead out and it fell on the hand and arm of the man below. If he had jumped or tried to get the lead off it must have caused the man on his shoulders to fall, and he would have been dashed to pieces on the pavement. But the man did not move; he just held still and let the hot lead burn into his flesh and thus saved the life of his friend.

2. *The Lady and the Burglar.* A wealthy lady was alone in her room, and alone in the house, except the servant girl. It was evening, and the lamps were lighted. She was at her dressing bureau putting away some jewelry, when a lamp at the farther side of the room threw, almost at her feet, the shadow of a man crouched under her center-table. She noticed that the right hand of the shadow had only two fingers, and she remembered that several burglaries had recently been committed by a burglar who had lost some of the fingers of his right hand. What should she do? What would you have done in her place? Suppose she had screamed, or tried to run away, or even looked toward the table so as to show that she had seen something to frighten her! Instead of doing any of these things she went quietly and sat down by the table under which the man was hid, and rang her bell for the servant. When she came the lady said, "Bridget, hand me my writing materials. My jeweler has my most valuable diamonds, and I need them. Carry this note to him and bring me back the package at once." Instead of writing *this* in the note, however, she told the jeweler of her danger and asked for help. The servant gone, she sat and hummed a tune, or turned over the leaves of a book, till the door bell rang, when she went quietly out of the room and down stairs, and admitted four strong policemen, who soon had the burglar safely hand-cuffed and on his way to jail. Do you not think this conduct of the lady indicated courage as well as self-control? Women, then, can be brave and can show self-control as well as men. Girls, remember that. Did you ever see a woman or a girl scream and jump on a chair or table at sight of a mouse? Do men and boys need to have self-control any more than women and girls?

Suppose a school-house should take fire, or a cry of fire be raised in a church or hall, a boy fall into the river, a horse run away, a child get its clothes on fire, or somebody get badly hurt, what would a hero of self-control do first? Would he not just keep still and think what to do, and then act promptly, but without hurry? Can people learn self-control? How? The mother of John Wesley would not let her little boys cry when they got hurt. That was her way of teaching self-control. Could not larger boys and girls help to teach themselves the same lesson by not allowing themselves to cry when hurt, scream when frightened, complain when sick, or do things without thinking?

Keep good company, or none.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.